88301-739-3/$1.95

SIR WALTER SCOTT

Ivanhoe

Ivanhoe

Sir Walter Scott

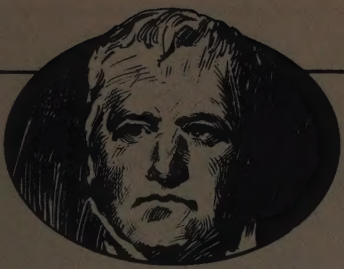
Academic Industries, Inc.
West Haven, Connecticut 06516

COPYRIGHT © 1984 BY ACADEMIC INDUSTRIES, INC.
All Rights Reserved

ISBN 0-88301-739-3

Published by
Academic Industries, Inc.
The Academic Building
Saw Mill Road
West Haven, Connecticut 06516

Printed in the United States of America



about the author

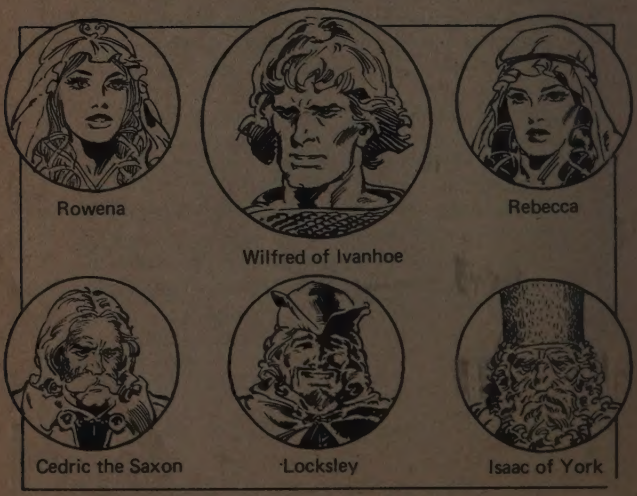
Born in Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1771, Sir Walter Scott had a lifelong interest in Scottish history. The songs and ballads which recorded this history gave him many ideas for poems and novels of adventure and action.

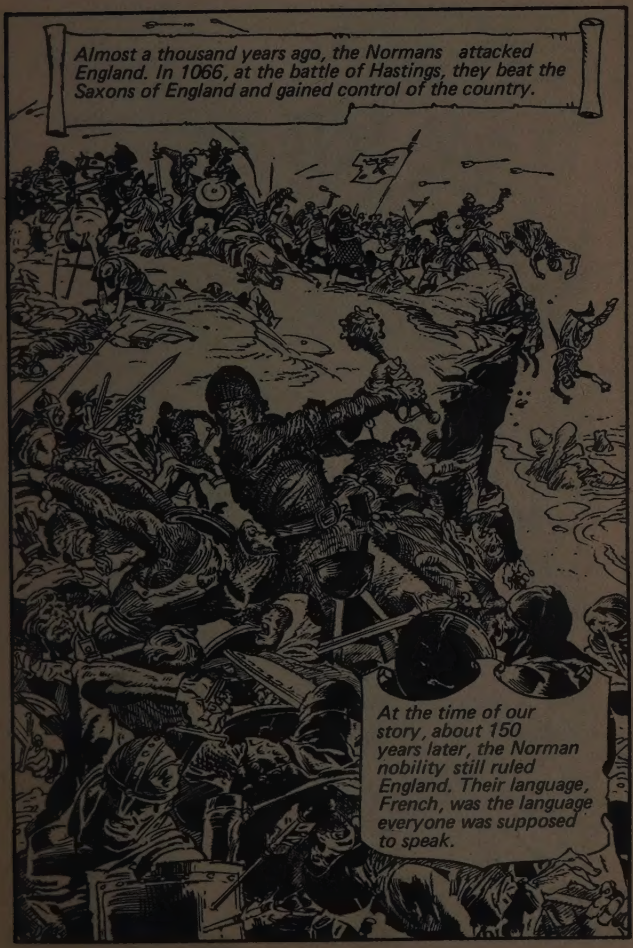
Ivanhoe is one of Scott's most famous novels. In this book Scott uses a gallery of flesh and blood characters to make the life of twelfth-century England seem real to his readers.

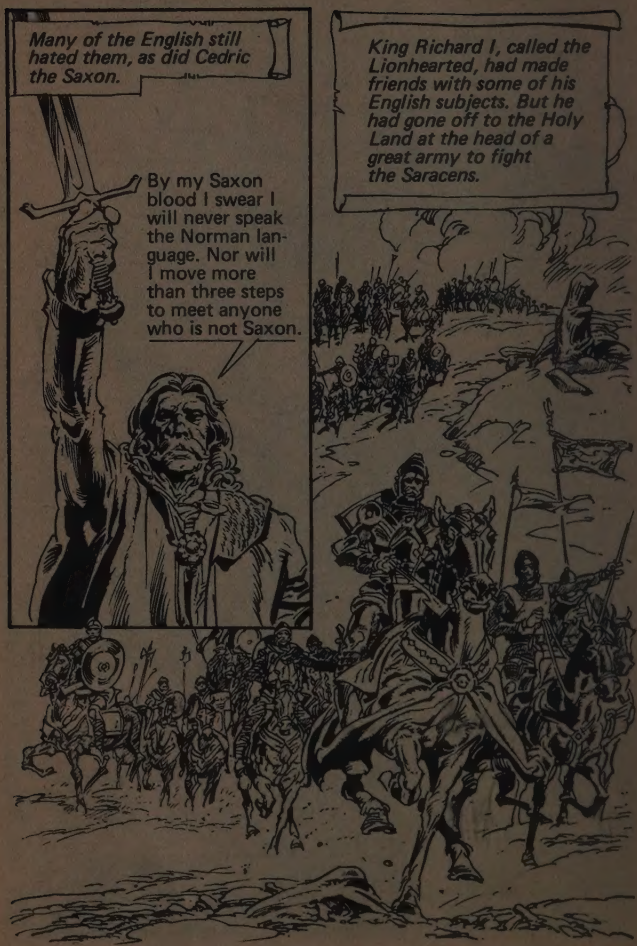
In recognition of his literary work, Scott was made a baronet in 1819. During his last years he published a number of biographies, tales, poems, and studies of history, including *The Lady of the Lake*, *Waverly*, and *Kenilworth*. He died in 1832.

Sir Walter Scott

IVANHOE

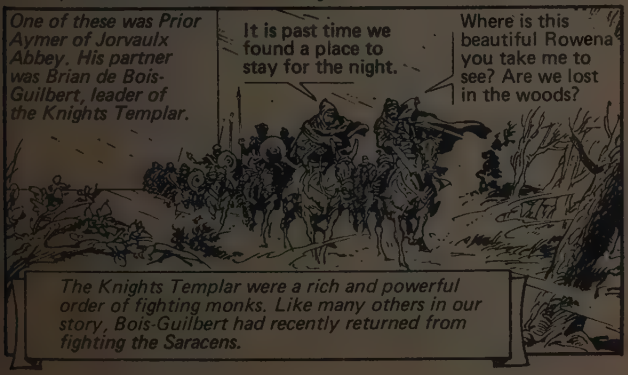



Almost a thousand years ago, the Normans attacked England. In 1066, at the battle of Hastings, they beat the Saxons of England and gained control of the country.
At the time of our story, about 150 years later, the Norman nobility still ruled England. Their language, French, was the language everyone was supposed to speak.

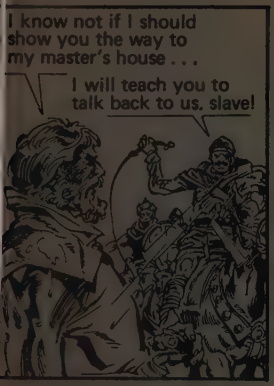

Many of the English still hated them, as did Cedric the Saxon.
By my Saxon blood I swear I will never speak the Norman language. Nor will I move more than three steps to meet anyone who is not Saxon.
King Richard I, called the Lionhearted, had made friends with some of his English subjects. But he had gone off to the Holy Land at the head of a great army to fight the Saracens.

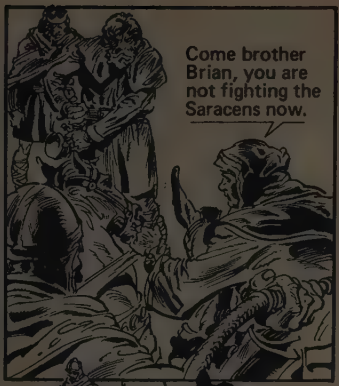
On his journey home, crossing Austria, he was arrested and thrown into prison.
In England King Richard's brother, Prince John, was making plans to take his brother's throne.
Many men will help me if I give them gifts of land or riches.
You are right, your highness! I, for one, do not wish King Richard to return. After all, you have given me the land that Richard once gave to Ivanhoe!

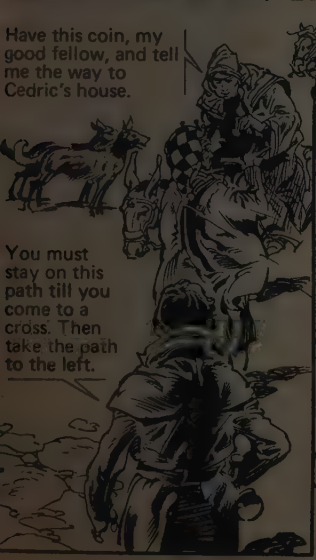
The Church leaders were also Norman-French. Two of them who were friendly to Prince John were traveling near dark on a stormy evening.


One of these was Prior Aymer of Jorvaulx Abbey. His partner was Brian de Bois-Guilbert, leader of the Knights Templar.
It is past time we found a place to stay for the night.
Where is this beautiful Rowena you take me to see? Are we lost in the woods?
The Knights Templar were a rich and powerful order of fighting monks. Like many others in our story, Bois-Guilbert had recently returned from fighting the Saracens.

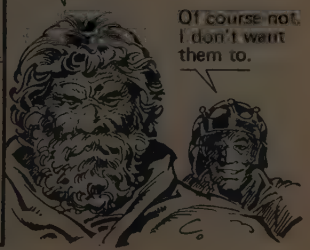
A little farther along the same road were Gurth, a swineherd, and Wamba, a jester. Each wore around his neck a brass collar saying that he was a slave of Cedric of Rotherwood.
Thank God for Master Cedric who tries to stand up to them. But it will do little good when Front-de-Boeuf comes here in person.
A word of this to Front-de-Boeuf or Malvoisin and you would hang from one of these trees!
You work your legs off rounding up these pigs only to have them end up as pork for the Normans.
It's true! They leave us little but the air we breathe. And they send our best and bravest men to fight and die in faraway lands!
Ho, Fangs! Well done! You have them all now. Let us get home before it rains.
Soon Prior Aymer and his party caught up to them.
Tell me, my children, are we near the home of Cedric the Saxon? Can you show us the road?






Have this coin, my good fellow, and tell me the way to Cedric's house.
You must stay on this path till you come to a cross. Then take the path to the left.

The party rode on. The sound of the hoofbeats died away.

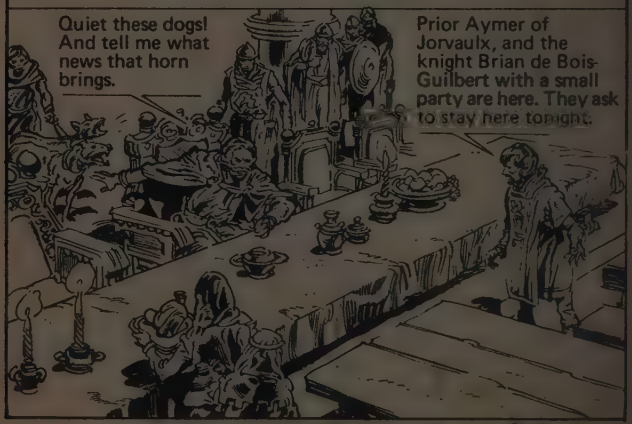


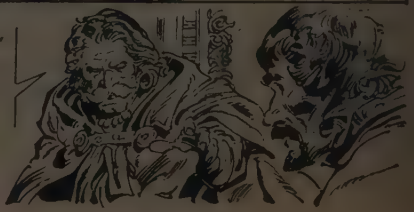
Meanwhile, the Prior and the Templar talked as they rode.
You are right! It would be bad for Aymer to see the lady Rowena. And it could be worse for Cedric to fight with that soldier-monk!
Why did you stop me? I would soon have taught that man a lesson!
And that would have caused a fight between you and Cedric! He is a proud man!
I shall expect much beauty in this Rowena. It will make up for the self-control I must use toward her father! I hope he will let me marry her!
Cedric is not her father, but her guardian. And be careful how you look at Rowena!
It is said that he drove his only son from the family for loving her. She is to be loved only from far away!
No more! Tonight I will be as sweet and kind as a woman!

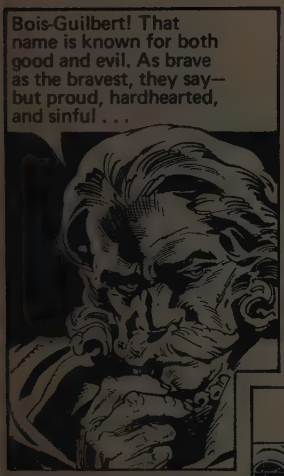
Here is the cross. He said to turn left, I believe.
No, no—to the right, as I remember!
A man who had been sitting beside the cross stood up as they drew near.
Can you tell us the way to the home of Cedric the Saxon?
I am going there. If you will lend me a horse, I will show you.
Who and what are you, sir?
A palmer, just returned to England.
You had better have stayed in the Holy Land to fight for Christ's tomb!
True, Sir Knight. But when those like you are found so far away, can you wonder at a peaceful man like me wanting to return?

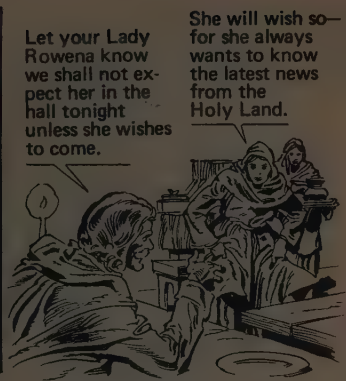
Before the Templar could answer, the Prior broke in with a question. Soon the party reached Cedric's castle. The Templar sounded his horn just as a storm began.

Inside, Cedric waited for his evening meal. At the blast of the horn, the dogs in the hall as well as those in the yard began barking.

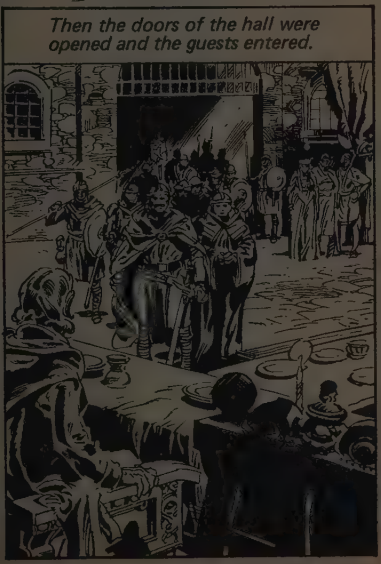

Quiet these dogs! And tell me what news that horn brings.
Prior Aymer of Jorvaulx, and the knight Brian de Bois-Guilbert with a small party are here. They ask to stay here tonight.



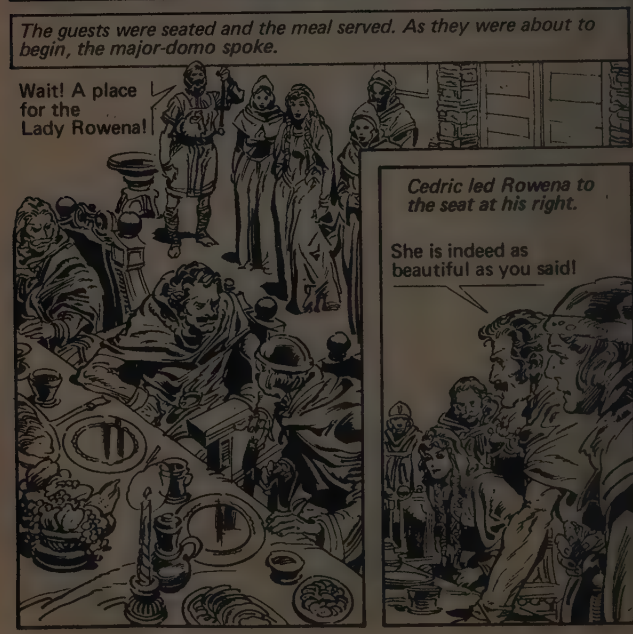

Bois-Guilbert! That name is known for both good and evil. As brave as the bravest, they say—but proud, hardhearted, and sinful . . .


Let your Lady Rowena know we shall not expect her in the hall tonight unless she wishes to come.
She will wish so—for she always wants to know the latest news from the Holy Land.

I too might listen with a beating heart, but no! My son Ivanhoe who would not obey me is no longer mine!


Then the doors of the hall were opened and the guests entered.

Cedric rose and moved forward three steps to greet his guests.
I have vowed never to move farther to meet someone who is not a Saxon. Nor will I speak other than my native language. Please forgive me.
I always speak French. But I understand English well enough to speak with you.


The guests were seated and the meal served. As they were about to begin, the major-domo spoke.
Wait! A place for the Lady Rowena!
Cedric led Rowena to the seat at his right.
She is indeed as beautiful as you said!

Rowena was seated and the meal began.
We are on our way to the tournament to be held near Ashby. May we hope you will travel there in our company?
With the roads, so dangerous, that might be a good idea.
If we go at all, sir, it will be in the company of Athelstane of Coningsburgh.
Once again the meal was stopped by a traveler at the gate.
It is a Jew, sir, Isaac of York. Should I bring him into the hall?
Holy Mother! A Jew to share a meal with me?
A Jew to sit at my side?
Peace, my good guests! He, too, is a traveler, and I must welcome him. But you need not eat with him.

An old man entered, soaking wet. Cedric nodded and pointed toward the foot of the table. But no one made room for him.

He stood, not knowing what to do. Finally the pilgrim took pity on him.

Old man, my clothes are dry and I have eaten. You are both wet and hungry. Sit here!

He built up the fire, and brought Isaac a plate full of food.

Good pilgrim, I thank you!

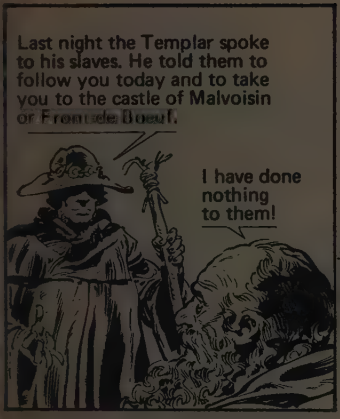
The meal ended. The guests were shown to their rooms.

You are here—with the Jew on one side and Gurth the swineherd on the other.

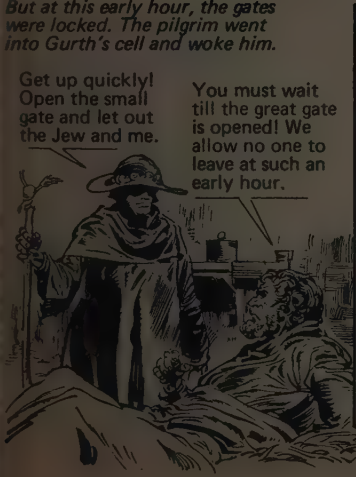
The pilgrim stretched out and slept until dawn. Then he went into the next room and woke Isaac.

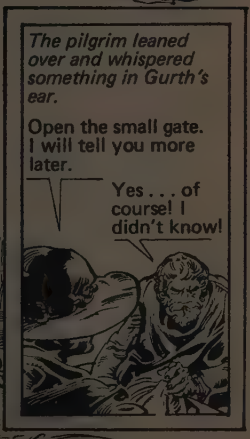
Fear nothing from me. I come as your friend.

The God of Israel bless you! And what do you want of me so early?

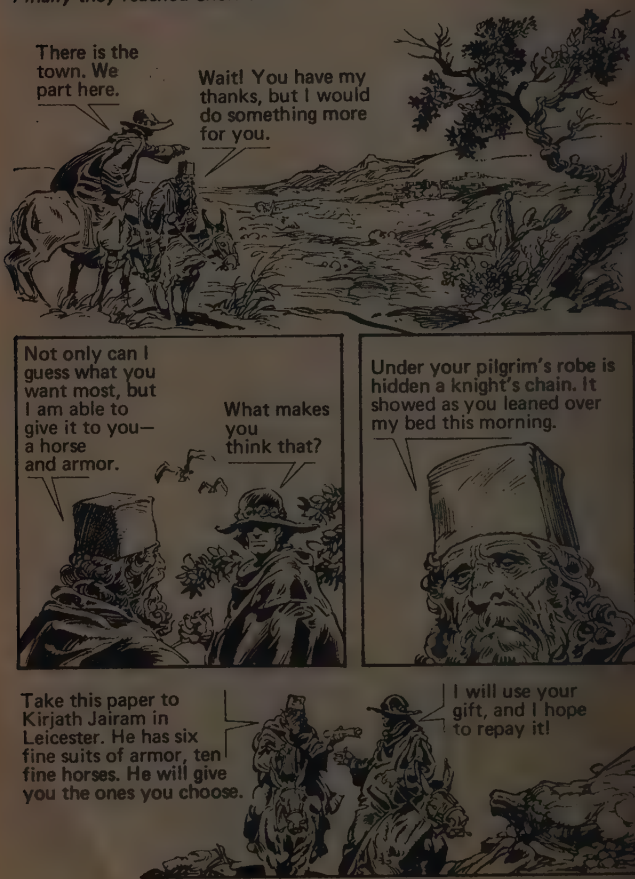

Last night the Templar spoke to his slaves. He told them to follow you today and to take you to the castle of Malvoisin or Front-de-Boeuf.
I have done nothing to them!

They will beat me until I give them everything I own!
Come with me. I will take you by secret paths until you are in a safe place.


But at this early hour, the gates were locked. The pilgrim went into Gurth's cell and woke him.
Get up quickly! Open the small gate and let out the Jew and me.
You must wait till the great gate is opened! We allow no one to leave at such an early hour.


The pilgrim leaned over and whispered something in Gurth's ear.
Open the small gate. I will tell you more later.
Yes . . . of course! I didn't know!

Gurth brought them mules and helped them leave the castle. Soon they passed beyond the lands of Malvoisin and Front-de-Boeuf. Finally they reached Sheffield.


There is the town. We part here.
Wait! You have my thanks, but I would do something more for you.
Not only can I guess what you want most, but I am able to give it to you—a horse and armor.
What makes you think that?
Under your pilgrim's robe is hidden a knight's chain. It showed as you leaned over my bed this morning.
Take this paper to Kirjath Jairam in Leicester. He has six fine suits of armor, ten fine horses. He will give you the ones you choose.
I will use your gift, and I hope to repay it!

Being a knight was both a job and a sport. In those days tournaments were something like football and baseball games today. Fans turned out to see the great men fight. So it was at Ashby.

Front-de-Boeuf and Malvoisin are fighting today!

Brian de Bois-Guilbert is the greatest of all!

And Prince John himself is coming to watch!

As the people pushed into the crowded space, there were many angry words. Some of them were spoken to Isaac and his daughter Rebecca.

You Jew! How dare you push a Christian, and a Norman gentleman?

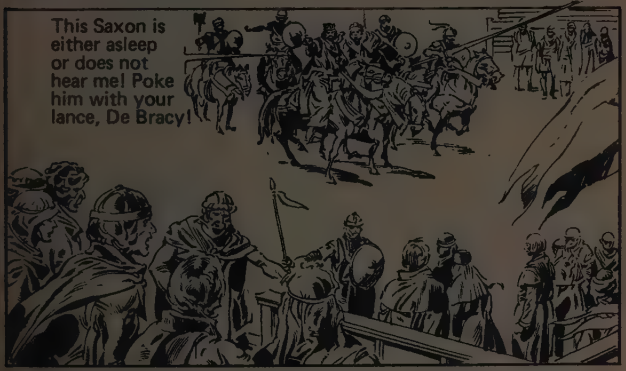
I am only trying to make room for my daughter, sir!

Today, people of different religions live together and respect each other. But the Jews, without a country, were mistreated everywhere. Many religious people thought it good and right to be cruel to those of a different faith.

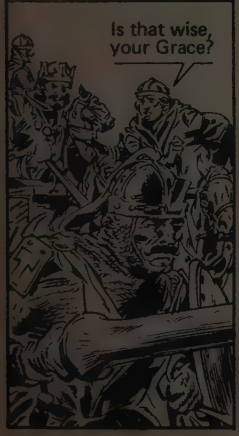
All at once Prince John and his party entered the gallery. Everyone turned to look at him.

Prince John caught sight of the beautiful Rebecca.
Look, Prior Aymer! What a beauty!
Indeed yes, your Grace, but still a Jew.
What is she, Isaac? Your wife, or your daughter?
My daughter Rebecca, your Grace.
Prince John was a Norman. He hated the leading Saxon families. And he wanted to borrow money from Isaac and his friends. Here he saw a chance to put down the Saxons and do Isaac a favor at the same time.
She should be seated according to her beauty! You Saxons above there . . . sit closer together and make room for the lovely lady!

The prince pointed to Athelstane of Coningsburgh, a man whose family had included the last Saxon kings of England. He was seated with the family of Cedric.



De Bracy raised his long lance.



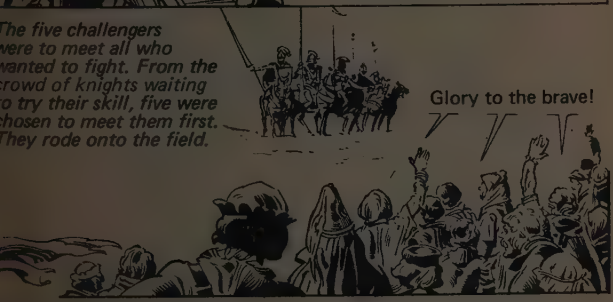
But Cedric, with lightning speed, drew his sword and cut the lance point from the handle.

Many in the crowd cheered Cedric. The prince turned angrily to a nearby archer.
You! What do you mean by such words?
I always cheer when I see a good shot!
Keep an eye on this man. Later I will see him try his own skill!
I will be here!
Now, you Saxons, since I have said it, the Jew shall have his seat among you!
No, if it please your Grace! It is not fit for us to sit with the rulers of the land!
But a knight called to Prince John before another fight could begin.
You must take your seat, sir. It is time for the sports to begin!
And I have not yet named the Queen of Love and Beauty!

The prince moved on and took his seat. Isaac and Rebecca found places in the lower ring. The heralds went out onto the field to give the rules for the tournament.

When we have a winner, let him choose the lady to be Queen!
Good! Let the heralds say so!
The Queen of Love and Beauty was to present the prize to the winning knight.

The five challengers were to meet all who wanted to fight. From the crowd of knights waiting to try their skill, five were chosen to meet them first. They rode onto the field.

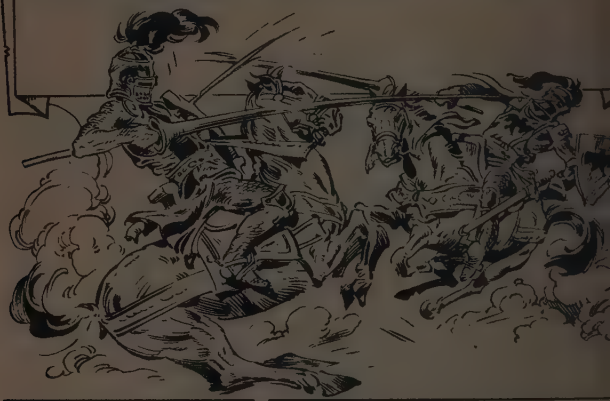


From the other end of the field came the challengers, led by Brian de Bois-Guilbert.

At the sound of trumpets, the two groups rode toward each other.
They met with a crash like thunder.
Bois-Guilbert wins! And Malvoisin! Front-de-Boeuf's man is down!
The challengers had won easily. A second and a third group of knights took the field and did no better. Then there was a long wait. Would no one else appear?
Then a trumpet sounded and a sing knight rode onto the field. He salute Prince John.
"Desdichad his shield sa the Disinhe Knight!

The stranger rode to the spot where he could choose the person with whom he would fight. To everyone's surprise, he struck the shield of Brian de Bois-Guilbert.
Look your last upon the sun. Tonight you will sleep in heaven!
I advise you to take a fresh horse and a new lance. You will need both!
From each end of the field, the two knights rode toward each other. They met with the shock of a thunderbolt.
It was a tie: the best and most equal match of the day.
Each knight rode back and took a new lance.
Once again they rode toward each other.

The Templar's lance struck the other's shield fair and square and broke to bits. The Disinherited Knight chose a harder target: the Templar's helmet.



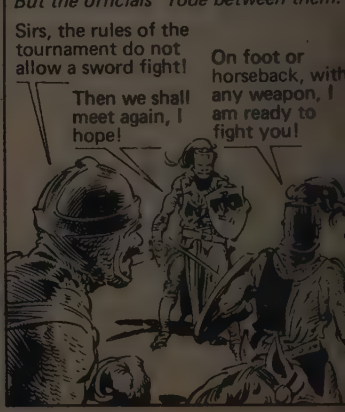
Saddle, horse and man rolled in the dust as the crowd cheered.

The Templar drew his sword. The Disinherited Knight came to meet him. But the officials rode between them.

Sirs, the rules of the tournament do not allow a sword fight!

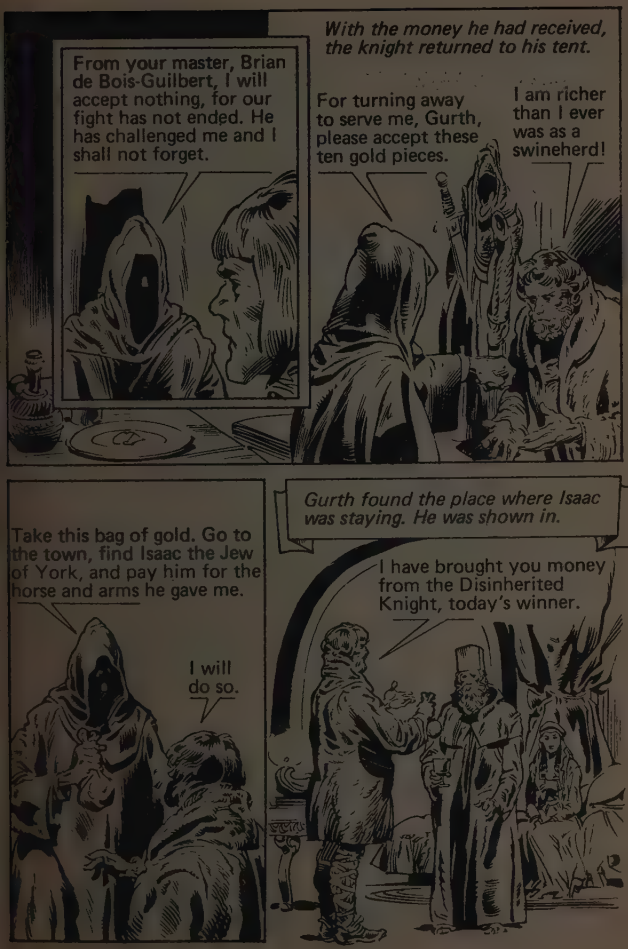
Then we shall meet again, I hope!

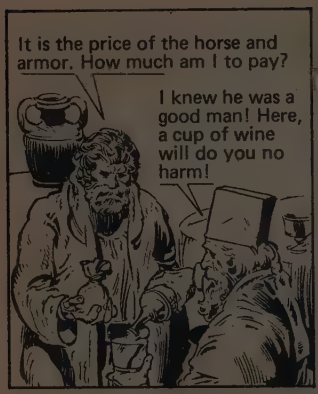
On foot or horseback, with any weapon, I am ready to fight you!



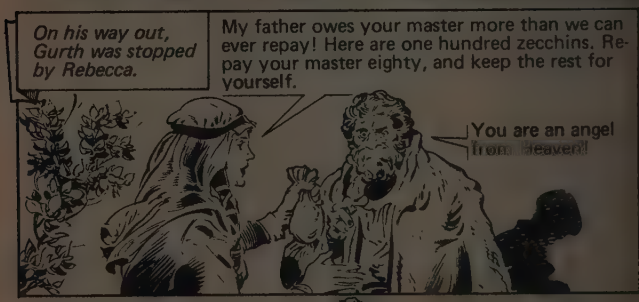
The unknown knight met the other four challengers one by one and beat each of them.
Then he was taken to Prince John to receive the day's prize of a fine horse.
Sir, will you, remove your helmet?
At this time I cannot allow my face to be seen.
Very well. Such a thing is within the rules.
The crowd cheered as Prince John made the award.
For your skill and bravery, we present this horse . . .
Sir Disinherited Knight, you may now name the Queen who will award tomorrow's prize . . .
The Knight circled the stands looking at pretty faces. He carried the crown on the tip of his lance. At last he stopped.
Long live the Lady Rowena, the chosen Queen! Long live the Saxon princess!

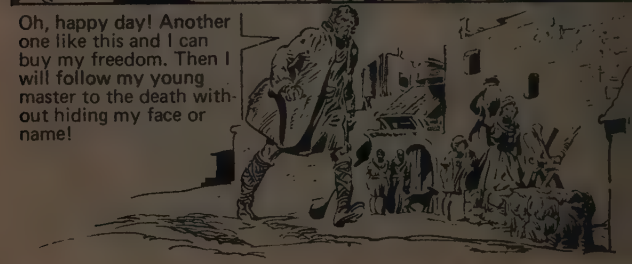
Prince John would have chosen a Norman lady, but this was still within the rules. He mounted his horse and rode to Rowena's seat.
Fair lady, put on your crown! Tomorrow I will lead you to your throne.
The crowds went home. The Disinherited Knight went to a nearby tent.
Sir, five men wish to speak with you.
Outside he found the squires of the five challengers.
I, squire to Reginald Front-de-Boeuf, offer you the horse and armor used by him today. You may keep it or ask money for it, for such is the law of the tournaments.
Please give my thanks to your masters. I am forced to accept some money. Even the armor I wear is not my own.
We each offer a hundred zecchins.

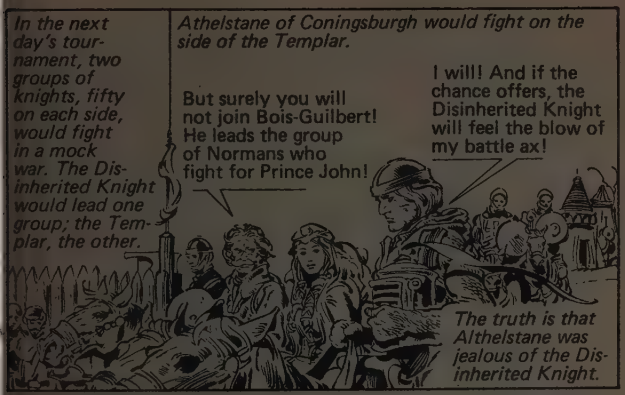

From your master, Brian de Bois-Guilbert, I will accept nothing, for our fight has not ended. He has challenged me and I shall not forget.
With the money he had received, the knight returned to his tent.
For turning away to serve me, Gurth, please accept these ten gold pieces.
I am richer than I ever was as a swineherd!
Take this bag of gold. Go to the town, find Isaac the Jew of York, and pay him for the horse and arms he gave me.
I will do so.
Gurth found the place where Isaac was staying. He was shown in.
I have brought you money from the Disinherited Knight, today's winner.

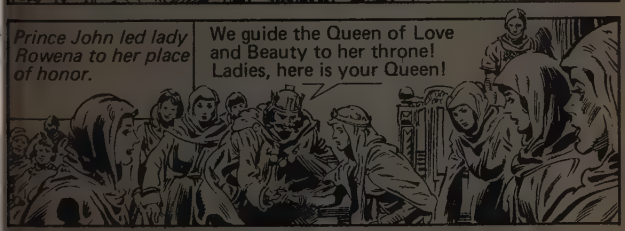

It is the price of the horse and armor. How much am I to pay?
I knew he was a good man! Here, a cup of wine will do you no harm!

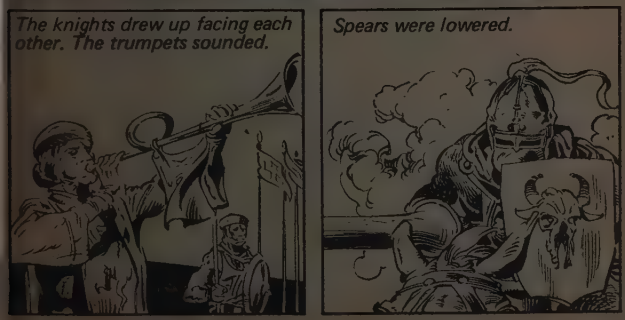
Eighty zecchins is a fair price! When your master wants money, let him come to Isaac of York!


On his way out, Gurth was stopped by Rebecca.
My father owes your master more than we can ever repay! Here are one hundred zecchins. Repay your master eighty, and keep the rest for yourself.
You are an angel from Heaven!


Oh, happy day! Another one like this and I can buy my freedom. Then I will follow my young master to the death without hiding my face or name!

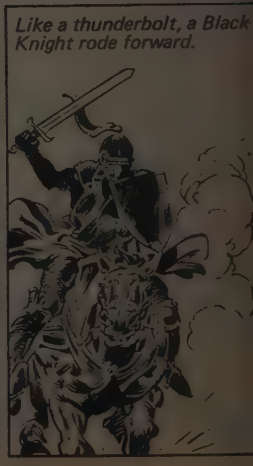

In the next day's tournament, two groups of knights, fifty on each side, would fight in a mock war. The Disinherited Knight would lead one group; the Templar, the other.
Athelstane of Coningsburgh would fight on the side of the Templar.
But surely you will not join Bois-Guilbert! He leads the group of Normans who fight for Prince John!
I will! And if the chance offers, the Disinherited Knight will feel the blow of my battle ax!
The truth is that Athelstane was jealous of the Disinherited Knight.


Prince John led lady Rowena to her place of honor.
We guide the Queen of Love and Beauty to her throne! Ladies, here is your Queen!


The knights drew up facing each other. The trumpets sounded.
Spears were lowered.

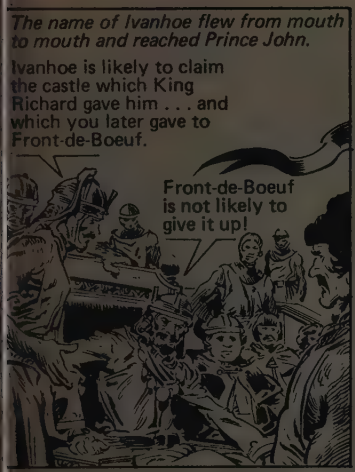
The front lines met at full gallop with a shock heard a mile away.

Many men fell. The lines were soon thinned. Suddenly the Disinherited Knight found himself attacked from three sides by the Templar, Athelstane, and Front-de-Boeuf.

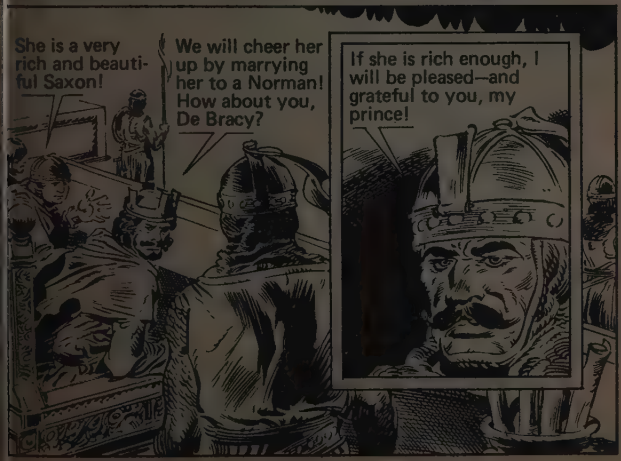

Like a thunderbolt, a Black Knight rode forward.

With one blow he knocked Front-de-Boeuf from his saddle.
He turned to Athelstane.
Then he left the arena. The Disinherited Knight soon beat the Templar.
Sir Knight, I order you to give in!
The Black Knight had disappeared. Again the Disinherited Knight was the winner. He was led to the queen's throne.
Your highness, the winner!

Wait! His head must be bare!
Quickly the official removed the knight's helmet.
Ivanhoe!
The Disinherited Knight was Cedric's son!
I place on your head the winner's crown. Never was a head more worthy to wear it!
But as he bent to kiss Rowena's hand, he fainted and fell at her feet.
A wound from a lance that went through his armor! He has lost much blood!

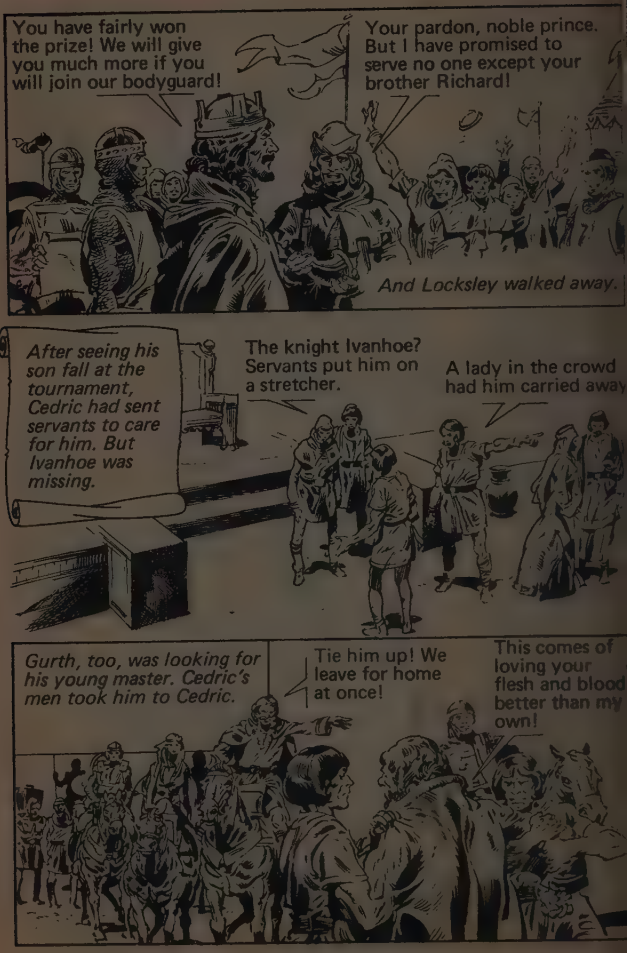

The name of Ivanhoe flew from mouth to mouth and reached Prince John.
Ivanhoe is likely to claim the castle which King Richard gave him . . . and which you later gave to Front-de-Boeuf.
Front-de-Boeuf is not likely to give it up!

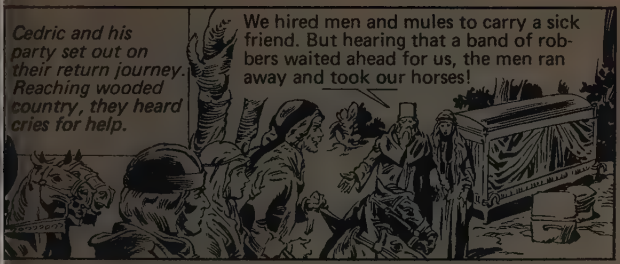
Ivanhoe won't bother Front-de-Boeuf! He is gravely wounded and Lady Rowena is very worried.
Who is this Lady Rowena of whom we hear so much?

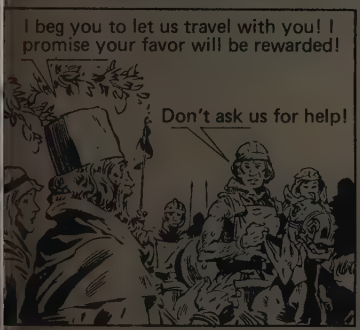

She is a very rich and beautiful Saxon!
We will cheer her up by marrying her to a Norman! How about you, De Bracy?
If she is rich enough, I will be pleased—and grateful to you, my prince!

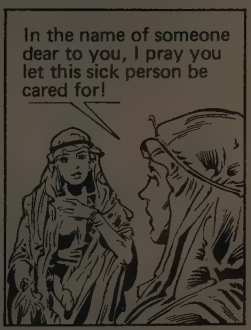
A note was handed to Prince John. He read it and turned white.
My brother Richard is free!
Then we must get ready to fight! End the tournament!
First I must take care of the archer who insulted me yesterday. Order the archery contest to begin.
The officials announced the contest. Prince John left his throne.
What is your name, yeoman?
Locksley.
You shall shoot after these men do. If you win, I will add twenty nobles to the prize. But if you lose, you shall be whipped from the grounds!
That is not a fair match. But I will take my turn.

A man named Hubert won the first contest. A fresh target was brought and he shot again.
The arrow is in the inner ring, but not in the center!
Hardly taking aim, Locksley shot.
Two inches nearer the center than Hubert's!
Hubert shot his second arrow.
A bulls-eye! One is in the center for Hubert!
Again Locksley shot—and split Hubert's arrow!
He must be the devil! Such shooting was never seen before!

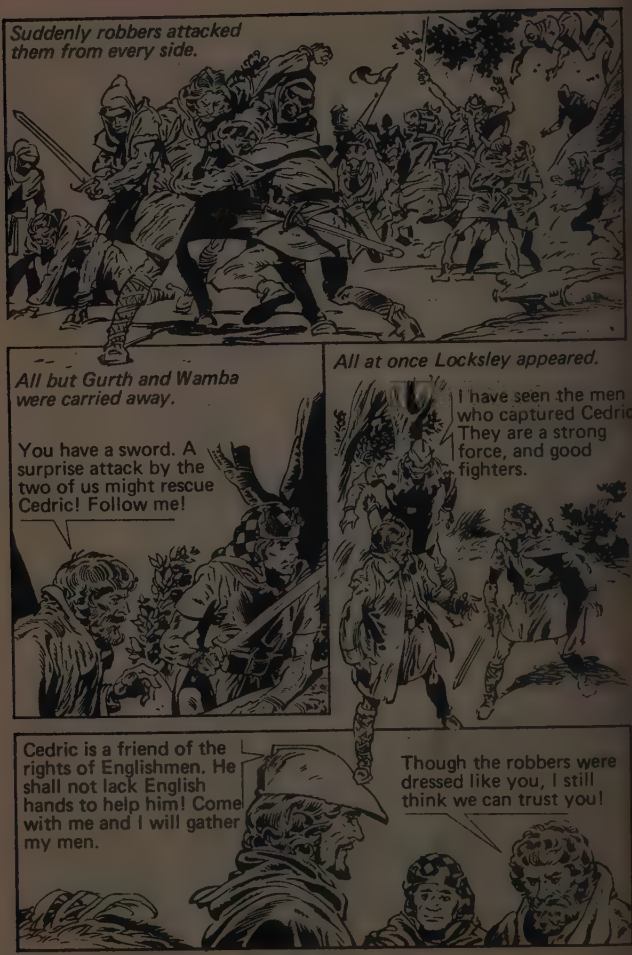

You have fairly won the prize! We will give you much more if you will join our bodyguard!
Your pardon, noble prince. But I have promised to serve no one except your brother Richard!
And Locksley walked away.
After seeing his son fall at the tournament, Cedric had sent servants to care for him. But Ivanhoe was missing.
The knight Ivanhoe? Servants put him on a stretcher.
A lady in the crowd had him carried away
Gurth, too, was looking for his young master. Cedric's men took him to Cedric.
Tie him up! We leave for home at once!
This comes of loving your flesh and blood better than my own!


Cedric and his party set out on their return journey. Reaching wooded country, they heard cries for help.
We hired men and mules to carry a sick friend. But hearing that a band of robbers waited ahead for us, the men ran away and took our horses!


I beg you to let us travel with you! I promise your favor will be rewarded!
Don't ask us for help!

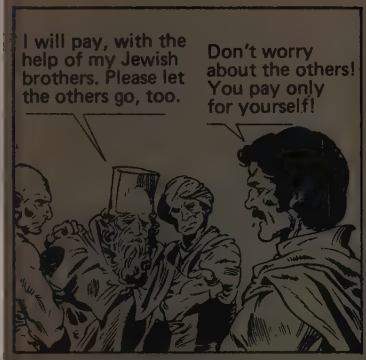

In the name of someone dear to you, I pray you let this sick person be cared for!

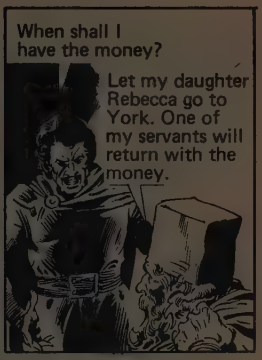
Rowena talked to Cedric. He agreed. And as evening drew near, the party continued along a narrow path.

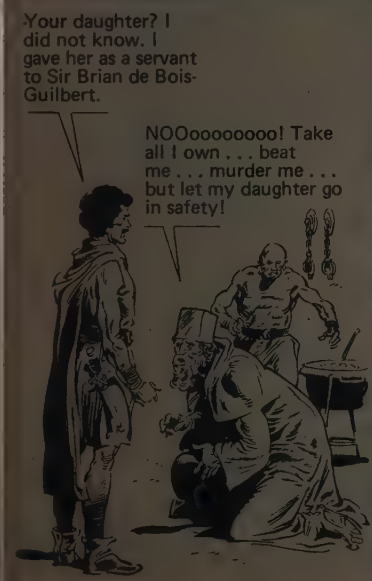

Suddenly robbers attacked them from every side.
All but Gurth and Wamba were carried away.
You have a sword. A surprise attack by the two of us might rescue Cedric! Follow me!
All at once Locksley appeared.
I have seen the men who captured Cedric. They are a strong force, and good fighters.
Though the robbers were dressed like you, I still think we can trust you!
Cedric is a friend of the rights of Englishmen. He shall not lack English hands to help him! Come with me and I will gather my men.

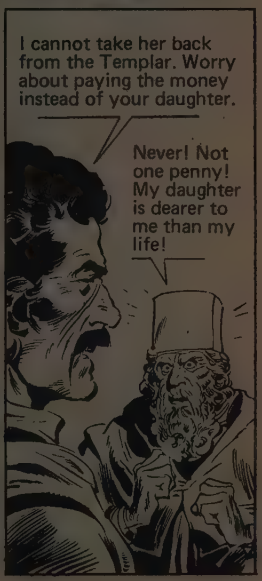
After a three hours' walk, they came to Locksley's forest home.
Collect all the men you can—the Friar, Allan-a-Dale—everybody! A band of men who are dressed like us are carrying prisoners to Front-de-Boeuf's castle, Torquilstone. We must rescue them!
The Friar, one of Locksley's men, brought with him the Black Knight from the tournament.
I know you are a good knight. If you are a true Englishman as well, you will help us.
There is no one to whom England, and every Englishman, is more dear!
A band of robbers has taken Cedric the Saxon and his friends. Will you help in their rescue?
I will do so!
Soon after dawn, the masked robbers reached the castle. Most of them were taken to separate rooms. Cedric and Athelstane were together.
I know your master's castle! Tell Front-de-Boeuf we shall pay any money he asks to set us free.
And I will fight him fairly within eight days after we are freed!
I will tell him what you have said.

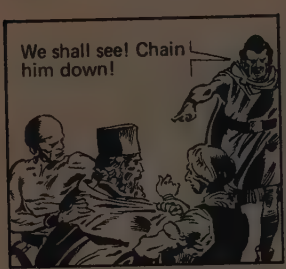
Isaac was thrown into a dungeon, where he was faced by Front-de-Boeuf and two of the Templar's slaves.
In these scales you shall weigh me out a thousand silver pounds!
I am old, and poor, and helpless! Where would I find such a sum of silver?
Then, Jew, you must suffer!
Have mercy on me!
Do you see those iron bars above that glowing charcoal?
You shall lie there, while the slaves keep up the fire. A long, painful death or a thousand pounds. Choose!

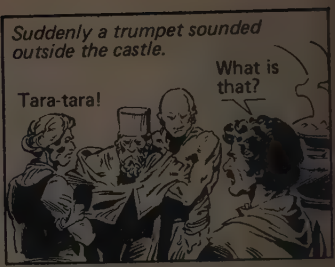

I will pay, with the help of my Jewish brothers. Please let the others go, too.
Don't worry about the others! You pay only for yourself!

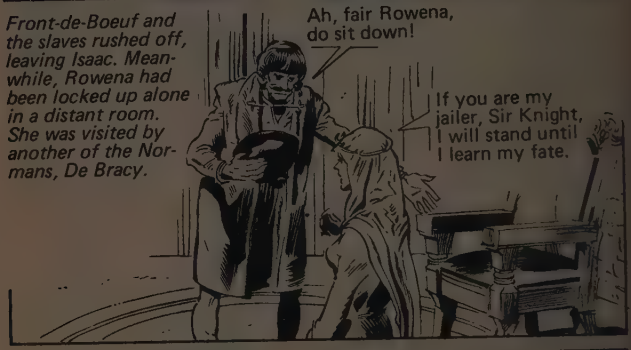

When shall I have the money?
Let my daughter Rebecca go to York. One of my servants will return with the money.

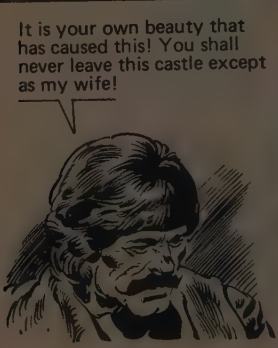

Your daughter? I did not know. I gave her as a servant to Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert.
NOOoooooooo! Take all I own . . . beat me . . . murder me . . . but let my daughter go in safety!

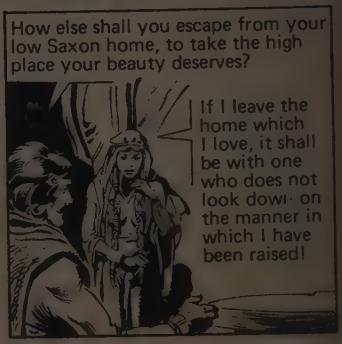

I cannot take her back from the Templar. Worry about paying the money instead of your daughter.
Never! Not one penny! My daughter is dearer to me than my life!


We shall see! Chain him down!

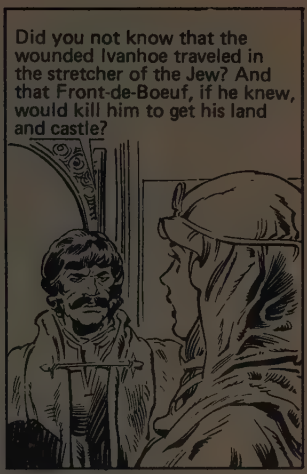

Suddenly a trumpet sounded outside the castle.
What is that?
Tara-tara!


Front-de-Boeuf and the slaves rushed off, leaving Isaac. Meanwhile, Rowena had been locked up alone in a distant room. She was visited by another of the Normans, De Bracy.
Ah, fair Rowena, do sit down!
If you are my jailer, Sir Knight, I will stand until I learn my fate.


It is your own beauty that has caused this! You shall never leave this castle except as my wife!

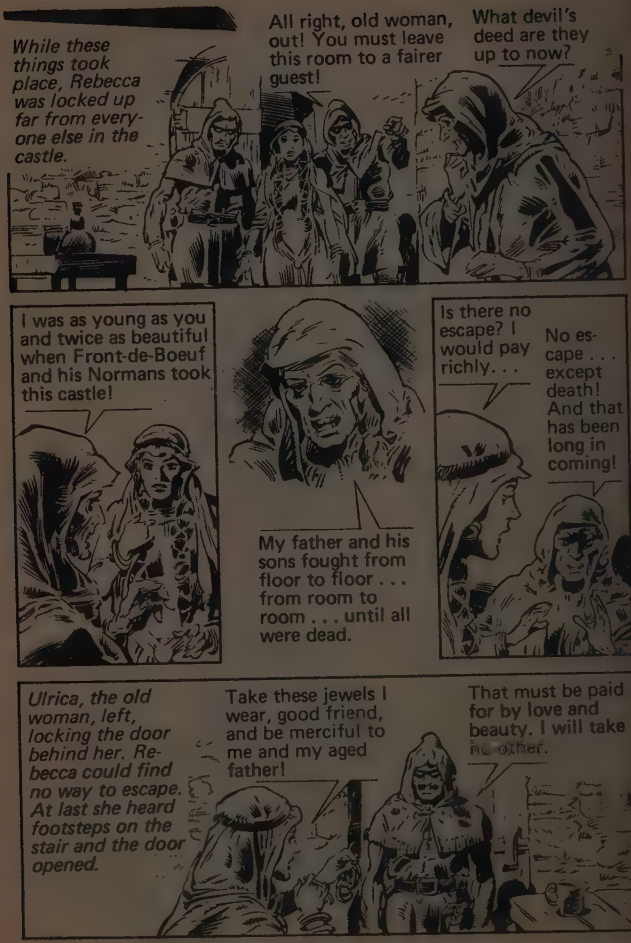

How else shall you escape from your low Saxon home, to take the high place your beauty deserves?
If I leave the home which I love, it shall be with one who does not look down on the manner in which I have been raised!

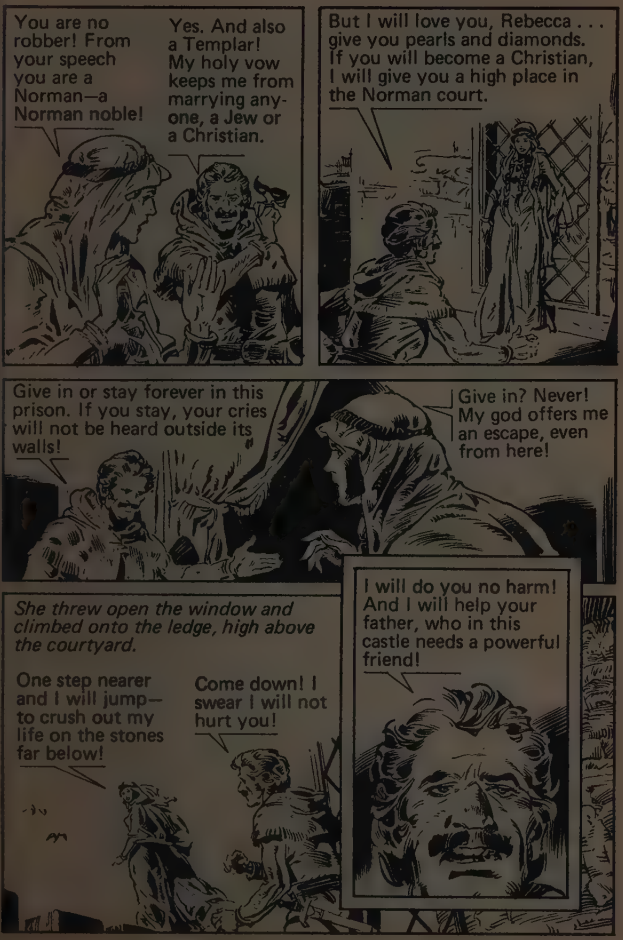
Richard the Lion-hearted will never take his throne again. Nor will Wilfred of Ivanhoe take you as his bride. He is here, in my power!
Ivanhoe . . . *here?*

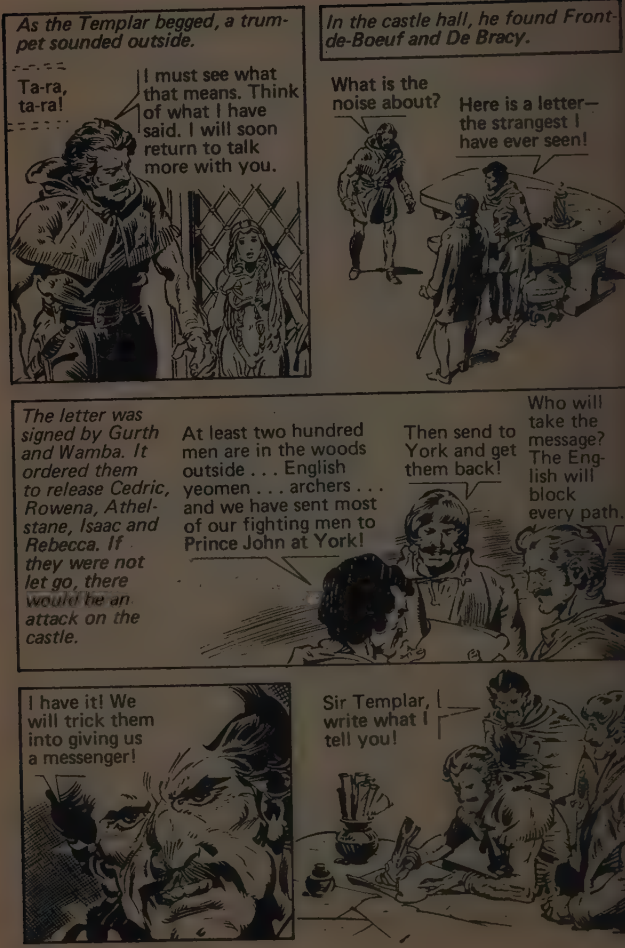

Did you not know that the wounded Ivanhoe traveled in the stretcher of the Jew? And that Front-de-Boeuf, if he knew, would kill him to get his land and castle?

Save him, for the love of heaven!
I can, but your love must buy it. When you are my bride, who will dare harm Ivanhoe, who is your friend?

Suddenly De Bracy heard the horn that had alarmed other men in the castle.

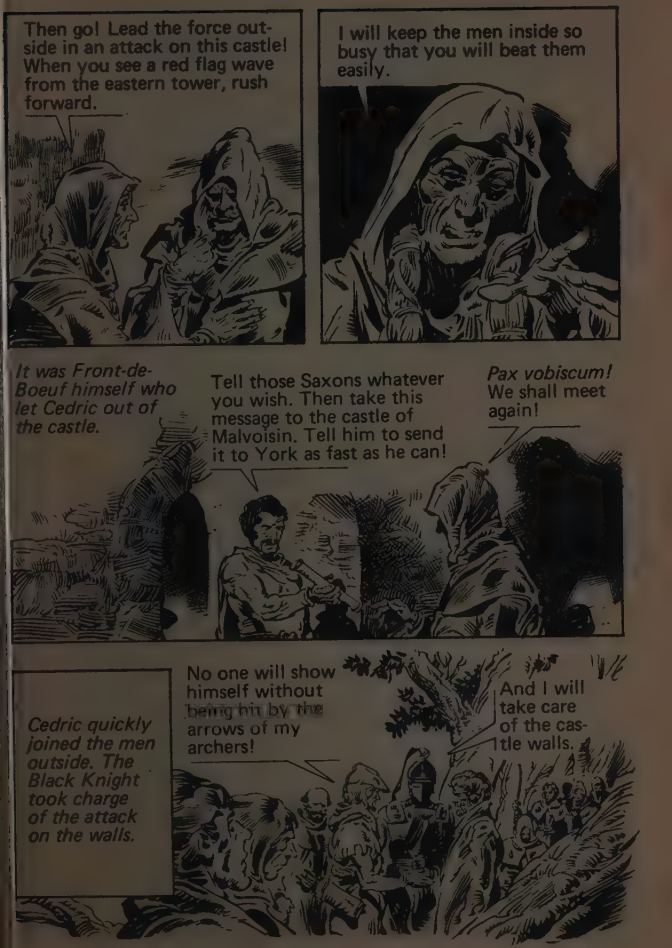

While these things took place, Rebecca was locked up far from everyone else in the castle.
All right, old woman, out! You must leave this room to a fairer guest!
What devil's deed are they up to now?
I was as young as you and twice as beautiful when Front-de-Boeuf and his Normans took this castle!
My father and his sons fought from floor to floor . . . from room to room . . . until all were dead.
Is there no escape? I would pay richly. . .
No escape . . . except death! And that has been long in coming!
Ulrica, the old woman, left, locking the door behind her. Rebecca could find no way to escape. At last she heard footsteps on the stair and the door opened.
Take these jewels I wear, good friend, and be merciful to me and my aged father!
That must be paid for by love and beauty. I will take no other.


You are no robber! From your speech you are a Norman—a Norman noble!
Yes. And also a Templar! My holy vow keeps me from marrying anyone, a Jew or a Christian.
But I will love you, Rebecca . . . give you pearls and diamonds. If you will become a Christian, I will give you a high place in the Norman court.
Give in or stay forever in this prison. If you stay, your cries will not be heard outside its walls!
Give in? Never! My god offers me an escape, even from here!
She threw open the window and climbed onto the ledge, high above the courtyard.
One step nearer and I will jump—to crush out my life on the stones far below!
Come down! I swear I will not hurt you!
I will do you no harm! And I will help your father, who in this castle needs a powerful friend!


As the Templar begged, a trumpet sounded outside.
Ta-ra, ta-ra!
I must see what that means. Think of what I have said. I will soon return to talk more with you.
In the castle hall, he found Front-de-Boeuf and De Bracy.
What is the noise about?
Here is a letter—the strangest I have ever seen!
The letter was signed by Gurth and Wamba. It ordered them to release Cedric, Rowena, Athelstane, Isaac and Rebecca. If they were not let go, there would be an attack on the castle.
At least two hundred men are in the woods outside . . . English yeomen . . . archers . . . and we have sent most of our fighting men to Prince John at York!
Then send to York and get them back!
Who will take the message? The English will block every path.
I have it! We will trick them into giving us a messenger!
Sir Templar, I write what I tell you!

Outside the castle, Gurth, Wamba and their friends took the answer.
They say to send a priest to pray with the prisoners. They plan to kill them all today before noon!
Kill the noble Cedric? Never!
It is a trick to gain time. They dare not do it!
One of us should go in dressed as a priest to find out how matters are!
Not I! My hunting clothes suit me much better than my robes!
The fool will dare what wise men will not do. In the friar's robes, I will try to bring help to Cedric and his friends!
Dressed as a priest, Wamba was admitted to the castle.
Pax vobiscum! I am a poor priest sent here by those men outside. Five hundred of them there must be!
So many?
Give him a written order to take to York, telling De Bracy's soldiers to come back at once! Meanwhile, send him to the Saxons.

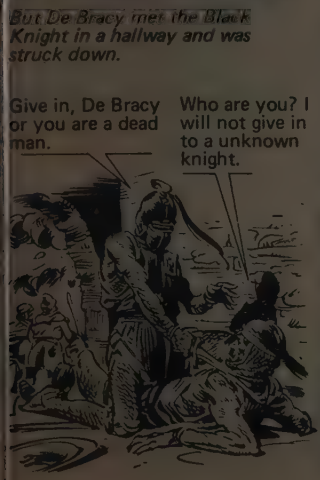
Pax vobiscum! I come to prepare you for death.
Impossible! They would not dare kill us!
I seem to know your voice, Father!
I am your faithful slave and jester! Take my clothes and leave the castle. I will stay here in your place!
Why, they would kill you!
You may yet save us! There are five hundred men outside waiting for you to lead them!
Go, noble Cedric!
Dressed in the robes, Cedric tried to leave the castle. But he was stopped by Ulrica. Thinking him a priest, she wanted to tell him the story of her life.
I am now a slave. I was once happy and loved! I will do anything to get back at Front de-Boeuf, who killed my Saxon father and brothers!
And I am no priest, but Cedric of Rotherwood, once your father's friend!

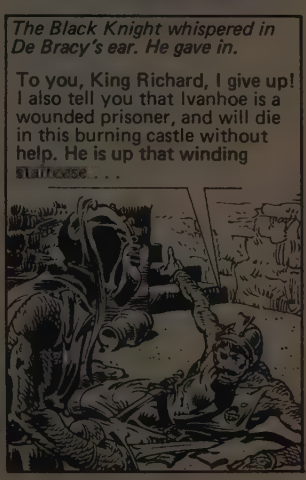

Then go! Lead the force outside in an attack on this castle! When you see a red flag wave from the eastern tower, rush forward.
I will keep the men inside so busy that you will beat them easily.
It was Front-de-Boeuf himself who let Cedric out of the castle.
Tell those Saxons whatever you wish. Then take this message to the castle of Malvoisin. Tell him to send it to York as fast as he can!
Pax vobiscum! We shall meet again!
Cedric quickly joined the men outside. The Black Knight took charge of the attack on the walls.
No one will show himself without being hit by the arrows of my archers!
And I will take care of the castle walls.

Ho! Saint George for merry England!
En avant De Bracy!
At a break in the wall, Front-de-Boeuf and the Black Knight met face to face.
Front-de-Boeuf fell!
The attackers broke through the outer walls. On a bridge of planks, they tried to cross the moat.

Suddenly a red flag flew on the eastern tower. Locksley saw it first.
Look! The castle is ours! Move in! Help Cedric!

Soon afterward, the Templar found De Bracy.
All is lost, De Bracy! The castle is burning from the inside! We must fight our way out.
Very well. I am with you!


But De Bracy met the Black Knight in a hallway and was struck down.
Give in, De Bracy or you are a dead man.
Who are you? I will not give in to a unknown knight.

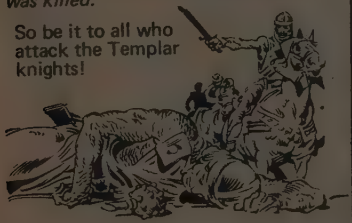

The Black Knight whispered in De Bracy's ear. He gave in.
To you, King Richard, I give up! I also tell you that Ivanhoe is a wounded prisoner, and will die in this burning castle without help. He is up that winding staircase . . .

The Black Knight found Ivanhoe and carried him to safety. Cedric rescued Rowena. The other prisoners were released.

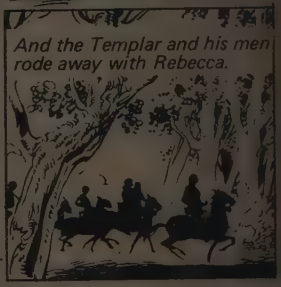
The Templar took Rebecca in his arms and tried to fight his way out of the burning castle.

Athelstane thought the woman was Rowena. He went to her rescue and was killed.

So be it to all who attack the Templar knights!



And the Templar and his men rode away with Rebecca.

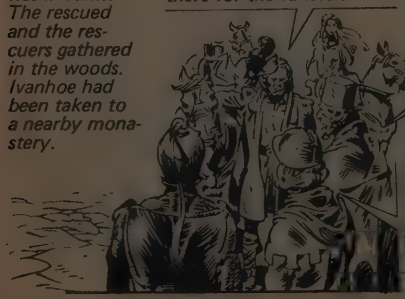


The next morning the castle was in ruins. The rescued and the rescuers gathered in the woods. Ivanhoe had been taken to a nearby monastery.

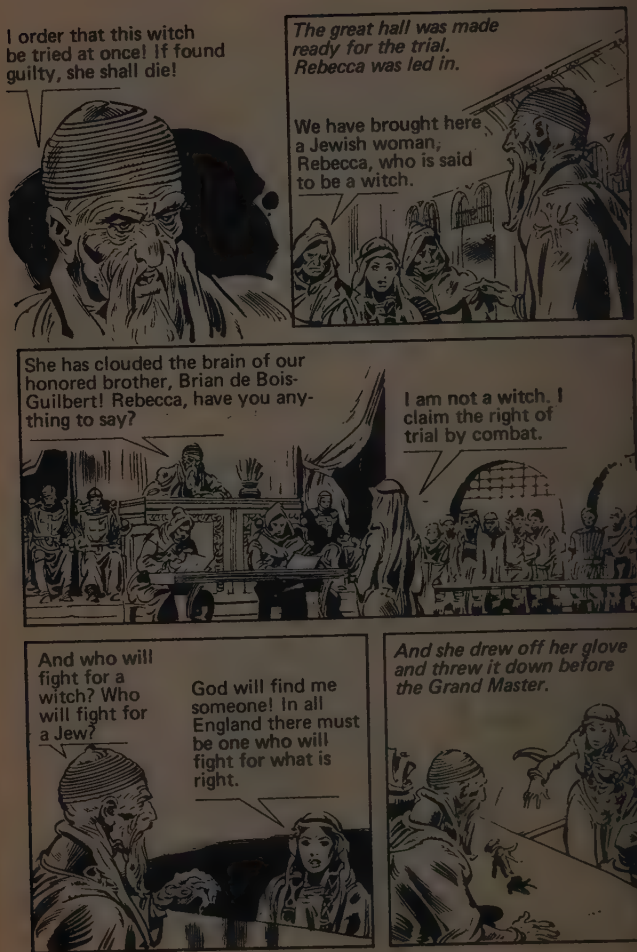
For the next days I shall be at Athelstane's castle where his body has been taken. You are all welcome there for the funeral.

But what of my daughter? What of my poor Rebecca?

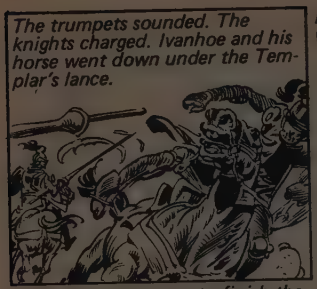
I could not stop the Templar with an arrow for fear of hitting her. He must have taken her to the nearest Templar house, at Templestowe. Go there and offer him money for her safety!

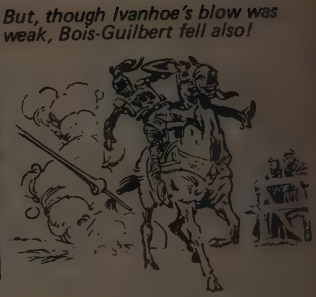


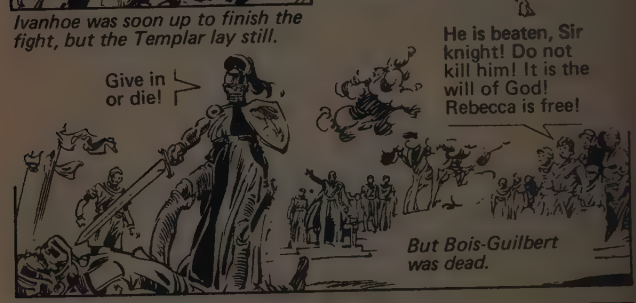
De Bracy, set free, had hurried to Prince John at York.
The Templar has fled. Front-de-Boeuf is dead. And Richard the Lion-hearted is in England! I was his prisoner!
Richard? Here? What shall I do?
Perhaps he will forgive you, sir. As for me, I will leave the country—along with the others who have served you!
Meanwhile Rebecca was held prisoner at Templestowe. But this was not known to the Grand Master of the order until Isaac arrived.
Your daughter is held a prisoner in this religious house by Brian de Bois-Guilbert?
Yes, reverend sir, and I will pay whatever you ask to set her free.
There is more to this than meets the eye! Does your daughter practice the art of healing?
Indeed, sir, many a man has reason to bless her gift of healing!
And Bois-Guilbert . . . does he seem to be in her power?
Indeed, yes! Your wisdom makes me understand the strange deeds of that knight!

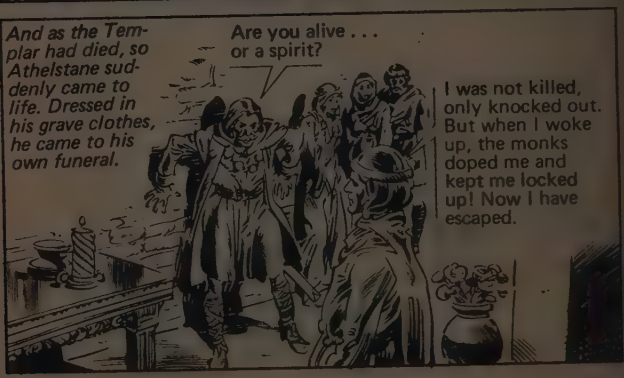

I order that this witch be tried at once! If found guilty, she shall die!
The great hall was made ready for the trial. Rebecca was led in.
We have brought here a Jewish woman, Rebecca, who is said to be a witch.
She has clouded the brain of our honored brother, Brian de Bois-Guilbert! Rebecca, have you anything to say?
I am not a witch. I claim the right of trial by combat.
And who will fight for a witch? Who will fight for a Jew?
God will find me someone! In all England there must be one who will fight for what is right.
And she drew off her glove and threw it down before the Grand Master.

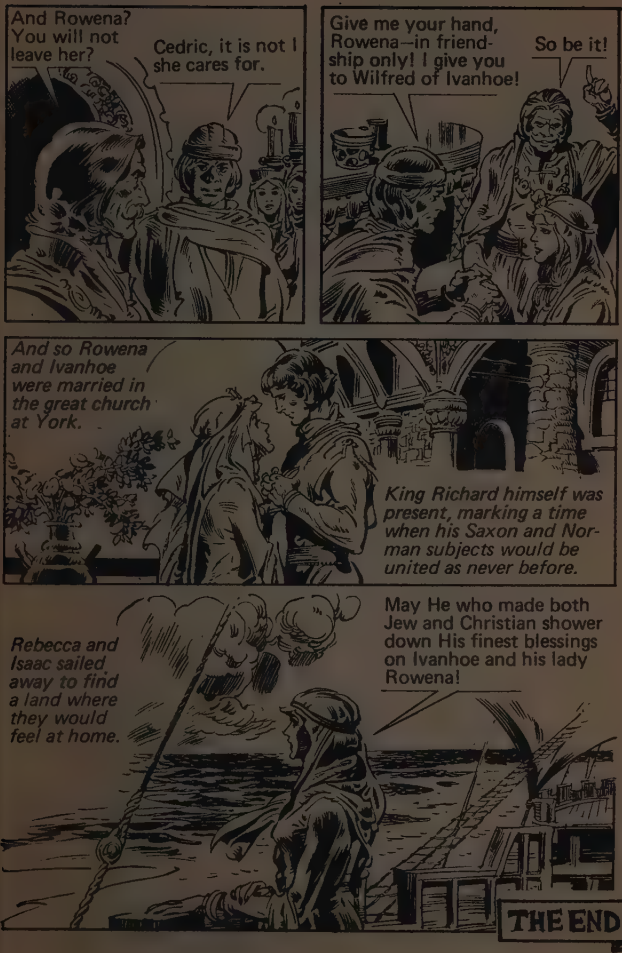
That was the law. The time for the battle was set for three days later. Brian de Bois-Guilbert would fight for the Templars, against Rebecca's knight if one should appear.
Meanwhile, Rebecca was allowed to send a note to Isaac.
"Wilfred of Ivanhoe would fight for me, but is still too weak. Yet send him word. Among his friends he may find one to do battle for my sake . . ."
The time for the combat came. A great crowd gathered.
They are ready . . . but no knight has come for Rebecca.
See the stake? That is where she'll burn if no one comes to defend her!
Suddenly a knight rode up.
A knight! A knight!
It was Ivanhoe! He was hardly able to ride, and his horse was tired.
Heal your wounds! Get a better horse! Only then will I fight you.
Fight now, Templar, or I will say you are afraid of me!


The trumpets sounded. The knights charged. Ivanhoe and his horse went down under the Templar's lance.


But, though Ivanhoe's blow was weak, Bois-Guilbert fell also!


Ivanhoe was soon up to finish the fight, but the Templar lay still.
Give in or die!
He is beaten, Sir knight! Do not kill him! It is the will of God! Rebecca is free!
But Bois-Guilbert was dead.


And as the Templar had died, so Athelstane suddenly came to life. Dressed in his grave clothes, he came to his own funeral.
Are you alive . . . or a spirit?
I was not killed, only knocked out. But when I woke up, the monks doped me and kept me locked up! Now I have escaped.


And Rowena? You will not leave her?
Cedric, it is not I she cares for.
Give me your hand, Rowena—in friendship only! I give you to Wilfred of Ivanhoe!
So be it!
And so Rowena and Ivanhoe were married in the great church at York.
King Richard himself was present, marking a time when his Saxon and Norman subjects would be united as never before.
Rebecca and Isaac sailed away to find a land where they would feel at home.
May He who made both Jew and Christian shower down His finest blessings on Ivanhoe and his lady Rowena!
THE END

COMPLETE LIST OF POCKET CLASSICS AVAILABLE

CLASSICS

C 1 Black Beauty
C 2 The Call of the Wild
C 3 Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde
C 4 Dracula
C 5 Frankenstein
C 6 Huckleberry Finn
C 7 Moby Dick
C 8 The Red Badge of Courage
C 9 The Time Machine
C10 Tom Sawyer
C11 Treasure Island
C12 20,000 Leagues Under the Sea
C13 The Great Adventures of Sherlock Holmes
C14 Gulliver's Travels
C15 The Hunchback of Notre Dame
C16 The Invisible Man
C17 Journey to the Center of the Earth
C18 Kidnapped
C19 The Mysterious Island
C20 The Scarlet Letter
C21 The Story of My Life
C22 A Tale of Two Cities
C23 The Three Musketeers
C24 The War of the Worlds
C25 Around the World in Eighty Days
C26 Captains Courageous
C27 A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court
C28 The Hound of the Baskervilles
C29 The House of the Seven Gables
C30 Jane Eyre
C31 The Last of the Mohicans
C32 The Best of O. Henry
C33 The Best of Poe
C34 Two Years Before the Mast
C35 White Fang
C36 Wuthering Heights
C37 Ben Hur
C38 A Christmas Carol
C39 The Food of the Gods
C40 Ivanhoe
C41 The Man in the Iron Mask
C42 The Prince and the Pauper
C43 The Prisoner of Zenda
C44 The Return of the Native
C45 Robinson Crusoe
C46 The Scarlet Pimpernel

COMPLETE LIST OF POCKET CLASSICS AVAILABLE (cont'd)

C47 The Sea Wolf
C48 The Swiss Family Robinson
C49 Billy Budd
C50 Crime and Punishment
C51 Don Quixote
C52 Great Expectations
C53 Heidi
C54 The Illiad
C55 Lord Jim
C56 The Mutiny on Board H.M.S. Bounty
C57 The Odyssey
C58 Oliver Twist
C59 Pride and Prejudice
C60 The Turn of the Screw

SHAKESPEARE

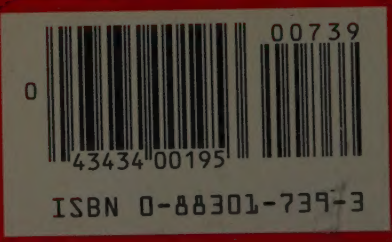
S 1 As You Like It
S 2 Hamlet
S 3 Julius Caesar
S 4 King Lear
S 5 Macbeth
S 6 The Merchant of Venice
S 7 A Midsummer Night's Dream
S 8 Othello
S 9 Romeo and Juliet
S10 The Taming of the Shrew
S11 The Tempest
S12 Twelfth Night

Ivanhoe

POCKET CLASSICS bring great literature to life!

Discover reading and enter the exciting world of adventure and mystery. Turn the pages of history and look into the frontiers of tomorrow. Live among timeless heroes as they spring to life in the Pocket Classics.

08-BUI-911



ISBN 0-88301-739-3

Printed in U.S.A.